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The Story of the Daffodils.

'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows,
Where cowslips and the nodding violet blows.'

So sang Mary Smith, as she entered the dining-room where her mother and sisters were sitting. 'At least—no, I don't,' she continued, 'but I do know a garden where the daffodils are growing in thousands, and I want you girls to come and have a look at them after tea.'

Her sisters eagerly responded. They were all bright and bonnie girls, who had just come down into the country from London, and were ready to hunt out all the glories of the place. Accordingly, as soon as tea was over, putting on their hats, they were ready to follow their sister to see the flowers. And, indeed, nothing is more beautiful than the wide expanse of the field covered with the golden bloom of the daffodil. They stood and gazed at it with delight, as the lovely flowers caught the fading glow of the setting sun.

GATHERING DAFFODILS FOR MARKET.

There was a man with two boys at work busily picking the flowers, and packing them to send off ready for the early market next day. The man raised his head and looked at them, and heard their exclamations of delight, then, going across to them with a bunch in his hand, he said: 'Would you like a flower, miss?' and gave two or three to each of them.

'Oh, thank you!' exclaimed the girls. 'It is good of you—they are so beautiful.'

'And shall you send all these off to-night?' asked the eldest sister, as she glanced over the field.

'Yes, miss, leastways all that are ready,' said the man. 'You see, miss, these are very early, and if we get them in the market to-morrow morning, they'll fetch a good price.'

'And shall you work all night?'

'Oh, yes, miss, either here or on the road,' continued the man. 'You see they don't make a heavy load, so we can rattle them along. And, eh, miss! I don't wonder folks like to have them, for they are bonnie. But you go and see my missus, she lives in that little cottage, she'll talk to you about the flowers. I have to get them ready for market;' and the man turned back to his work.

The girls turned away to the cottage; they rather shrank from going in, for they were strangers; but they did not like to refuse after the man's kindness. So with the daffodils in their hands, they went rather timidly up to the door.

'Come in,' cried a voice in response to their knock, and on opening the door they saw a woman with a keen, bright, eager-looking face, lying upon a sofa. They saw she was an invalid directly they got in. 'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'I see you have been with my husband, by the flowers you have in your hand. He is so fond of them; and he likes, too,' she continued with a pleasant smile, 'to send people in here to talk to me. It's very good of you to come. You see I can never get out to see people myself.'

'Do you mean that you are always confined to this couch?' said one of them.

'Yes, always, except when my husband lifts me off on to the bed. He is so good. I think he'd neglect even his flowers for me.'

'Oh! that is nice of him,' they cried.

'Yes,' she continued, 'people wouldn't always think it. You see he is a rough sort of man—a little gruff, and with not much to say for himself. He's something like a nut, the hard shell outside, but a sweet kernel within.'

'Oh, but he has a pleasant face!' said Mary. 'It looked quite nice when he gave us the flowers. I do not think we should have ventured here but for that.'

'I am glad to see you, too,' continued the woman. 'It brightens me so much to see fresh young faces; it was good of you to come.'

'Oh, no!' they cried.

'And these flowers, too,' she cried, taking the bunch from the hand of one of them, 'how beautiful they are! I haven't seen them yet so fully out. I expect he'll bring me in a bunch before he goes to market. They always seem to speak to me the same lesson as the lilies: "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." How beautiful God must be, that he should put so much beauty into the world! How he must love it!' continued the woman, gazing earnestly at the flowers.

'I have not thought of it in that way,' replied Mary, who was the eldest of the three. 'I felt it was good of him to put here so many lovely things.'

'But how he must love them,' said the woman, looking up at the girls, 'to take so much pains with them. How perfect they all are! Not a flaw in any of them.'

'You know,' she continued, 'that is what he is doing with us. He spares no pains to make our lives beautiful and good. Our Lord Jesus Christ came and died for us, and now he lives to help us, just that we may be flowers in his garden—beautiful flowers, you know—for goodness is beauty. Some of us need so much training, pain, and weakness to make us fit for heaven. Yes, like me,' she added, looking up at the girls with a keen, earnest gaze.

'And do you feel that?' asked Mary, touched by her quiet earnestness.

'I do. "If God so clothe the grass of the field, will he not much more clothe you?" This is my promise, and it comforts me. And now, dear girls, I hope you all are flowers in our Lord's garden, and are trying to serve him.'

'We are, indeed,' said Mary, a little tremulously, 'we are trying to serve him, but we are not at all beautiful yet.'

'It will come, though,' said the woman, very thoughtfully. 'He will present you faultless before the presence of his glory. Try on,' she added, as she gave the flowers back into the

hands of the girl. 'It is his work, and he will perfect it in due time.'

And the girls went back home with a more earnest thought in their hearts than when they started.—J. Scott James, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

The Pain Caused by Hasty Words.

If we could but know half the pain and bitterness caused by a single hasty word, would we not surely have made the little effort necessary to check it ere it fell from our lips? Incidents such as the following are of such common occurrence that—sad as the fact may be—they will not sound unfamiliar to the reader. Who that has had any experience of life has not seen the quiver of pain produced by a word hastily and thoughtlessly uttered?

At one end of a table sat a father reading, and at the other stood his little son busily and happily intent on placing the pieces of a new picture puzzle together. Time after time he had to commence anew, but quickly and patiently he would bend to his task, and rearrange the pieces with an amount of steady determination and self-reliance not often seen in so young a child. His father, deep in his book, was unconscious of his presence, and had even forgotten that he was in the room.

But, interesting as his book might be, the study his son presented just then should have been more interesting still. And what a splendid opportunity was thus lost to him to read the indications of traits of character that, directed aright, would lead in the future man to a career of usefulness and worth, as with glowing cheek and sparkling eye his son placed the last piece in the picture! Just then, as with difficulties overcome, the young conqueror gazed in admiration that was all the deeper for that very reason, his hand made a sudden slip, and the pieces were all scattered, some falling to the floor with a crash. And then, with the feeling of disappointment which was none the less keen because it was childish, came something more painful still in the harsh, 'What do you mean, sir, by making such a noise? Put those things away at once, and go to bed.'

With a quivering lip the poor little fellow gathered up his scattered toys, and placing them in the box, turned away with his heart almost ready to burst. And as his devoted little head sought the pillow he murmured: 'I don't think my papa loves me one bit. And I wish—oh! I wish—God would let me go up to my mamma in heaven.' The father, after looking frowningly at the retreating figure of his son, turned to his paper again, and long before the shadow cast by his hasty words was forgotten, he had quite forgotten that he had spoken them.

At a picnic one beautiful day in early summer, a group of friends were seated a little apart from the rest, under the shade of a tree. The day was simply perfection. The very air seemed to quiver with joy and happiness, and the golden bars and gleams of sunlight fell athwart smiling, happy faces. Among the group were a young husband and wife, the latter having a sister by her side. As the young wife looked up from the smiling babe on her knee, and gazed around, drinking in all the pleasures of sight and sound, the beauty of the scene semed to come upon her like a new revelation.

Her glance at last rested on her husband, who was now standing at a little distance, talking to a friend in tones of animation, as if carrying on a discussion. At that moment her sister called him by name, wishing to ask him a question. With a hasty gesture, expressing impatience, he turned round, saying, 'Well, what now?' But seeing who had spoken to him, he added, with instant change of manner and tone, 'I beg your pardon, I thought it was——' Shame or some other feeling prevented his finishing the sentence; but it was apparent to both wife and sister that the impatience was checked on finding that it was not the former who had spoken to him. The poor wife bent her head in shame over the unconscious face of her babe, with a heart quivering as from a barbed arrow's sudden thrust. For her the beauty of the day was gone, and the joyous sounds around her turned to discord by 'the rift within the lute' that never closed again, but widened and widened as the years went on.—'Christian Globe.'

Tell Me About the Master.

Tell me about the Master,
I am weary and worn to-night,
The day lies behind the shadow,
And only the evening is light—
Light with a radiant glory,
That lingers about the west,
But my heart is aweary, aweary,
And I long like a child for rest.

Tell me about the Master—
Of the hills He in loneliness trod,
When the tears and the blood of His anguish
Dropped down on Judea's sod,
For to me life's weary milestones
But a sorrowful journey mark,
Rough lies the hill country behind me,
The mountains before me are dark.

Tell me about the Master—
Of the wrongs He freely forgave,
Of His mercy and tender compassion,
Of His love that was mighty to save,
For my heart is aweary, aweary,
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,
Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow,
Or pain, or temptations befall,
The infinite Master has suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all,
So tell me the sweet old story,
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And the heart that was bruised and broken
Grows patient and strong and calm.

—'The Advance.'

The After-meeting.

(M. E. C., in the 'Illustrated Christian Weekly.')

'The young people hold a fifteen-minute meeting in the room adjoining, immediately after the close of this service. In their behalf I invite you to join them. It is a meeting for prayer; the thought gathers round the topic of the evening. We invite you cordially to come in with us. We remain together only about fifteen or twenty minutes.'

This was the purport of the invitation given to the congregation by the pastor of a large, so-called fashionable church at the close of the usual Sunday evening service. Perhaps it would be more correct to say unusual service, for though held every Sunday evening during several consecutive winters, it might well be called unique in some of its features. On account of distance and other reasons, comparatively few pewholders and attendants upon the morning service were ever present. Yet the large audience-room and commodious galleries were well filled. Strangers tarrying at hotels, people who had drifted from one place of worship to another and as yet found no church home, and many young people, students or employees boarding in the city, as well as pillars in other churches where no evening service was held, gravitated here with one accord. The seats were all free at this service. Groups of young men stood near the doors of entrance with welcome in their entire demeanor, waiting to give each attendant a neatly printed programme of that particular evening's service, as well as to hospitably lead the way to a comfortable seat. The music was the choicest that wealthy church afforded, and anthem, solo, and congregational hymn, as well as sermon and Scripture lesson, each bore upon and illustrated or enforced the topic enfolded in the text. Crisp, pointed, sympathetic, practical, the sermon closely held the attention of all. Fairly and sharply bringing out the lesson, it closed the moment that was done, and as the pastor turned from the desk the choir softly responded in the words of the hymn printed in the programme, aptly enforcing or continuing the evening's lesson. The entire service in a special manner seemed adapted to 'all sorts and conditions of men.'

But I think a great deal of the power of these services came from its series of fifteen-minute after-meetings. Availing myself of the invitation to attend, I entered the door beside the pulpit and found in the lecture-room an earnest group of young people. Soon a few gray heads entered. The pastor came in almost unobserved from a rear door, and quietly seated himself at the piano. A young man led the meeting, and short prayers closely followed each other. There was a greater variety of expression than in any church prayer-meeting I ever knew. Help to carry into practical life the teaching of the evening was implored. Blessing upon the pastor, the church, the congregation, and the stranger was besought with great directness. A young man recently converted told of the wonderful mercy and keeping power of the Saviour. Two verses of a closing hymn were given out by the leader, and the pastor played and led the singing. He said a few words to the meeting and then closed with brief prayer.

Then what an earnest, holy, social time there was! New-comers were introduced to old members. A young man wanted to speak to the minister about joining the church. His address was taken and an appointment for an interview was made. Five, six, seven young men, some strangers, waited their turn for confidences with the pastor. And older men pressed near on other errands bent.

How much would have been lost without that little after-meeting! What a gathering up it was of the best influences of the day! What a sympathetic place it was for a soul feeling the burden of sin to find help! What kindlings of fellowship were felt, and what a girding up for the little informal business afterwards of appointments, addresses, information, and introductions had in it a nameless grace.

When nearly all were gone a word of appreciation of the uses of the after-meeting was spoken to the pastor. Very heartily and sententiously came his quick reply, 'It's a great help to me!'

Acknowledgment.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Work.

Sweet wind, fair wind, where have you been?
'I've been sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky;
I've been grinding a grist in the mill hard by;
I've been laughing at work while others sigh:
Let those laugh who win!'

Sweet rain, soft rain, what are you doing?
'I'm urging the corn to fill out its cells;
I'm helping the lily to fashion its bells;
I'm swelling the torrent and brimming the wells:
Is that worth pursuing?'

Redbreast, redbreast, what have you done?
'I've been watching the nest where my fledgelings lie;
I've sung them to sleep with a lullaby;
By and by I shall teach them to fly,
Up and away, every one!'

Honey-bee, honey-bee, where are you going?
'To fill my basket with precious pelf;
To toil for neighbor as well as myself;
To find out the sweetest flower that grows,
Be it a thistle or be it a rose—
A secret worth the knowing!'

Each content with the work to be done,
Ever the same from sun to sun;
Shall you and I be taught to work
By the bee and the bird, that scorn to shirk?

Wind and rain fulfilling His word!
Tell me, was ever a legend heard
Where the wind, commanded to blow, deferred;
Or the rain, that was bidden to fall, demurred?
—Mary N. Prescott.

Do You Know the Grasshoppers?

(Charles McIlvaine, in 'S. S. Times.')

There is something about the bullfrog and the grasshopper that is comical. Their faces are funny, but it is their long hind legs, and prompt way of using them that most amuses us. At jumping, the grasshopper can beat the frog. The grasshopper can fly and climb; the frog can do neither. The frog can swim, which the grasshopper cannot. The hind legs of both are wonderful pieces of machinery, and very strong. It will pay to catch a grasshopper, and with or without a glass, examine how it is made.

The proper name for the grasshoppers whose feelers ('antennae') are shorter than their bodies, is locust. The common red-legged grasshoppers and their close relations are the true locusts. The seven-year or Periodical locust, the greenish-black summer locust or jar fly, as it is called, which rattles its long call, beginning bravely but dwindling to a taper of sound, are not locusts but cicadae. The names have got badly mixed up. The plague of grasshoppers which is told of in the Bible as afflicting Egypt, was a plague of locusts very similar to the grasshopper (locust) which has several times done so much damage in America. In this article I shall, however, call grasshoppers grasshoppers, but please remember that the short-horned are locusts.

There are several kinds of grasshoppers. I shall tell about those which are true locusts first. The red-legged is the most common over the United States, excepting where the Rocky Mountain locust lives in the high dry lands, in their neighborhood. The Rocky Mountain kind is very much like the red-legged, but has far longer wings. Occasionally this high-up locust takes a notion to go on an eating trip. In enormous numbers it leaves the upper regions, and descends to the rich pastures of the lower lands and valleys, and there eats its fill of almost everything green. Several years ago such a large army of the Rocky Mountain locust fed itself in Kansas, and states about it, that human beings went hungry—'There was a famine in the land.' Some years later the red-legged locust did great damage to the farmers' crops in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and many other states. It is not pleasant to know that we sometimes have to eat at the second table, if the grasshoppers choose to eat at the first.

I remember, when I was a boy on the home farm, that my father stuck a long-handled pitchfork in the ground, and on it hung his crash vest. It was in the hay field. He forgot it. The next morning there was nothing left of the vest but the buttons and buckle. The handle of the pitchfork was so eaten that it had to be sandpapered smooth before it could be used. This was the year of the great raid by grasshoppers. Grasshoppers did it.

Grasshoppers have three pairs of legs, two pairs of wings, and their mouths are made for biting. Those with short feelers lay their eggs in oval bunches, and cover them with a tough skin. Some species lay their eggs in the ground; others lay them in holes they make in logs, stumps, or fence-rails, with the tool (ovipositor—egg-depositor) they use for depositing their eggs. They lay but one lot in a year. These do not usually hatch until springtime.

The males of many kinds of grasshoppers make music wherever they go, as did the lady 'with rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,' Mother Goose tells about. Each species has its own way of making this music—one rubs a row of little spines on the inside of the long thick upper joint of the hind legs, against the outside of the wing covers. The noise suits the maker of it, and all of its kind understand it; but it is scratchy fiddling. Another species rub the front edge of the hind wings, and the undersurface of the wing covers. This makes the cracking noise heard when the grasshopper is flying. The katy did belongs to the section of 'long-horned grasshoppers.' Its feelers are longer than its body. We have all heard its curiosity to know what katy did. As a katydid has no way of answering the question, the male asker of it answers for her, and says: 'She didn't. She did.' The male asks his questions by rubbing the base of his wing covers together. On these there is quite a perfect arrangement for making the call; for all the noises made by the grasshoppers are calls asking for the society of lady grasshoppers. The katydid is not a locust, neither are any grasshoppers which have feelers longer or as long as their bodies.

The meadow grasshopper, with its long, delicate feelers, and shades of green, is a very common species. This grasshopper has its ears, or what answers for ears, in the long section of its fore legs.

Under stones and rubbish we often find a grasshopper which is mistaken for a cricket. It has no wings, and looks as if it lived very well. The true cricket is a grasshopper, but it differs from all others in having the wing covers flat on its back, and let down at a sharp angle like the leaves of a table. Its egg depositor is spear-shaped instead of swordlike, as with the meadow grasshopper. The song of the cricket, sharp, bright, cheerful, is good company. He makes it with his wings. Years ago, in the mountains of West Virginia, I was well acquainted with a jolly cricket who every night came out on the great stone hearth in front of my open wood fire. There he told me all about his own affairs, and asked after all of mine. At least I suppose he did, for when he began talking he made me think of things long forgotten, and of many beautiful home scenes, and pretty stories I loved to remember. Many a time I saved his life, when the ladies got after him. They told me that some day I would regret being his friend. Sure enough, I did. The following summer he and his immense family completely ruined all my best clothes by eating great holes in them. Yet now as I think of him, and have more best clothes, I forgive him, because of the pleasure he gave me. And, too, I am satisfied that he did not know the clothes were my best, or anything about them, excepting that they were good enough for him and his family.

He Loved Animals.

Charles Kingsley's love for everything that had life was remarkable. He spoke of all living creatures as his friends, and saw in them the handiwork of God. On his lawn lived a family of natterjacks (running toads) that dwelt from year to year in the same hole in a green bank, which a scythe was never allowed to approach.

He had two little friends in a pair of sand-wasps that made their home in a crack of the window-frame in his dressing-room. One of these he had saved from drowning in a hand-basin, taking it tenderly out into the sunshine to dry. Every spring he would look eagerly for his pair of wasps or their children, watching for them to come out from or return to the crack.

The little flycatcher that built its nest every year under his bedroom window was a constant joy to him. He had also a favorite slowworm in the churchyard, which his parishioners were warned not to kill under the mistaken idea that slowworms were poisonous.

The same love for God's creatures was encouraged in his children. He taught them to admire and to handle gently every living thing. Toads, frogs, beetles and worms were to them not repulsive things, to be killed as soon as seen, but wonders from the hand of God.—'Youth's Companion.'

The Homekeepers' Club.

(Marguerite E. Gookins, in 'Ram's Horn.')

Until a few years ago, we children had always lived in a city, but one day father said he had bought a farm and was going to turn us loose on it and give us a chance to grow up healthy, wise and possibly wealthy.

We older children didn't like the idea of leaving all our playmates in the city and our school and most of all 'The Helping Hand Club,' to which we belonged. This club was made up of boys and girls who went to our Sunday-school and made it their object to provide holiday dinners for poor families. We held a meeting every Friday evening and after attending to business had a good time together.

Well, when we reached the farm, after we had looked all over the place, we told mother we thought we might find a good deal to enjoy in the daytime, but knew the evenings would be lonesome, and we would miss our club meetings.

'Well, we can have a club, here,' mother said.

'Ho! who'd there be to club with?' asked Jack, who is the eldest of us.

'Ourselves,' mother answered. 'There are six of us and that many healthy, active people, especially when four of them are boys and girls, cannot get together with plenty of lem-

onade and cookies at hand, without something happening.'

'But there aren't any poor folks around here to help, so I don't see the use of a club,' I said.

'Well, they may not be poor, but I know of four very ignorant children, when it comes to farming, and it is possible we might help them.'

Of course, we understood that mother meant us, so we talked it over and decided to organize 'The Homekeepers' Club.' Father said the trouble with most clubs was that they took people away from home, but ours would be the right kind, because it would keep us at home and keep us happy there, too. We were each of us to take up some special line of work on the farm and make a report of our progress at the club meetings, which would be held on Friday evenings, and in this way we get and give advice. As each would want to make a good report, he or she would try to do as well as possible during the week.

Jack was to do all the odd jobs of carpentering about the place; Harmon was to keep the vegetable garden weeded and in order, (the plants were already well up); Ellen, who was only seven, was to keep the flower garden weeded, and the flowers picked for the house, and I was to feed the chickens, gather the eggs, and skim the cream for butter-making. As the farm was to be run simply for a home, things were to be kept up on only a small scale for a year or two, so with the help of Mr. Martin, the man who ran things generally, and his wife, we children managed to carry out our part without doing very much damage, though we made lots of mistakes. But even these helped to make our club meetings more entertaining.

Father and mother always speak of one meeting as the 'banner' meeting, although we children had been ashamed to turn in the reports we did. I'll tell you about it.

Late in June mother and father went up to the city for two weeks. The day after they left we got a letter from Mr. Brandon, an old friend, who had told us to send to the express office in the village for two boxes. He also told us to take good care of the contents of these boxes, for he was coming down to the farm with mother and father to see what kind of farmers we were making of ourselves. When Mr. Martin brought the boxes home, we found the funniest, fattest Newfoundland puppy in one and a Bantam rooster in the other. Jack went to work at once to build houses for the dog and rooster. The Bantam was so small we were afraid to put it with the other chickens that we had.

We wanted to have everything in fine shape when the folks came home, so the 'Homekeepers' worked very hard those two weeks. Ellen's gingham sunbonnet was bobbing about among her flowers constantly, and I knew she wouldn't let a weed escape her. Harmon spent all his time in the vegetable garden and said he was making an experiment that would surprise us.

Well, the Friday afternoon the folks were to come, Ellen filled all the vases in the sitting-room with what she called 'a new kind of flower,' so when we all gathered there for our meeting that evening, things certainly did look nice.

Mr. Brandon, who had come, said he was expecting an entertaining evening. After the meeting he said he had got more than he had expected.

Jack told what he had been doing during the folks' absence, but said he had to confess that he had made a mistake about the dog-house and the Bantam-house. Bruno had already outgrown his house, so now he could get but half of his body in at once, while Jack had made the rooster's house five by five by four feet, and we were all afraid the Bantam was dying of loneliness, for he had squeezed into a corner and wouldn't budge, not even to eat anything.

Ellen told about the 'Orful lot o' bugs' she had captured on the plants, and asked how we liked the new kind of flowers in the vases. For the first time we noticed that she had picked all the blossoms from second planting of strawberries Mr. Martin was experimenting with. Ellen cried when she found what she had done, but she laughed when I told about my mistake.

It turned out that Harmon's surprising experiment was a crop of six immense radishes, each weighing about two pounds. He had thought that if a little one was good, a big radish would be better, so had watered and cared for these six until they reached this great size. He was very much surprised when he found they were not fit to eat, and father told him to just remember that quantity didn't always mean quality.

The worst mishap of all I was responsible for. When we received the puppy, Harmon made a treadmill attachment to run the churn with. We would fasten Bruno inside and it worked fine as long as I stood by with a piece of meat, coaxing him round and round, but one day I went off and left him in the wheel. In just about two minutes there was the most terrible yelping that brought us all running to the spot. The cat had come into the dairy and Bruno had plunked through the frame of the wheel after her. This had upset the churn and there was the puppy hopping about in the wreckage, nearly strangled with milk. We rescued Bruno, but there was no butter made that week.

Mother and father and Mr. Brandon laughed a great deal over our reports that evening. As we don't like to be laughed at we have not 'experimented' much since.

Our meetings get better and better every week. Some of the other families in the neighborhood have organized clubs like ours, so you see they must be worth trying.

The Books of the Bible.

(Old verses that are good for all the young folks to commit to memory.)

In Genesis the world was made by God's creative hand;
In Exodus the Hebrews marched to gain the Promised Land.
Leviticus contains the law, holy, and just, and good;
Numbers records the tribes enrolled, all sons of Abraham's blood.
Moses, in Deuteronomy, recounts God's mighty deeds;
Brave Joshua into Canaan's land the host of Israel leads.
In Judges then rebellion oft provokes the Lord to smite,
But Ruth records the faith of one well-pleasing in his sight.
In First and Second Samuel of Jesse's son we read;
Ten tribes in First and Second Kings revolted from his seed.
The First and Second Chronicles see Judah captive made,
But Ezra leads a remnant back by princely Cyrus' aid.
The city walls of Zion Nehemiah builds again,
Whilst Esther saves her people from the plots of wicked men.
In Job we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod;
And David's Psalms are precious songs to every child of God.
The Proverbs like a goodly string of choicest pearls appear;
Ecclesiastes teaches man how vain are all things here.
The mystic Song of Solomon exalts sweet Sharon's Rose,
Whilst Christ, the Saviour and the King, the rapt Isaiah shows.
The warning Jeremiah apostate Israel scorns.
His plaintive Lamentations their awful downfall mourns.
Ezekiel tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries,
Whilst kings and empires yet to come Daniel in vision sees.
Of judgment and of mercy Hosea loves to tell;
Joel describes the blessed days when God with man shall dwell.
Among Tekoa's herdsmen Amos received his call,
Whilst Obadiah prophesies of Edom's final fall.
Jonah enshrines a wondrous type of Christ, our risen Lord;
Micah pronounces Judah lost—lost, but again restored;
Nahum declares on Nineveh just judgment shall be poured.
A view of Chaldea's coming down Habakkuk's visions give;
Next, Zephaniah warns the Jews to turn, repent, and live.
Haggai wrote to those who saw the temple,
And Zechariah prophesied of Christ's triumphant reign.
Malachi was the last who touched the high prophetic chord,
Its final notes sublimely show the coming of the Lord.
Matthew and Mark and Luke and John the holy gospels wrote,
Describing how the Saviour died, his life and all he taught.
Acts prove how God the apostles owned with signs in every place;
St. Paul in Romans teaches us how man is saved by grace.
The apostle in Corinthians instructs, exhorts, reproves;
Galatians shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves.
Ephesians and Philippians tell what Christians ought to be;
Colossians bids us live to God and for eternity.
In Thessalonians we are taught the Lord will come from heaven;
In Timothy and Titus a bishop's rule is given;
Philemon marks a Christian's love, which only Christians know;
Hebrews reveals the gospel prefigured by the law.
James teaches without holiness faith is but vain and dead;
St. Peter points the narrow way in which the saints are led.
John, in his three epistles, on love delights to dwell;
St. Jude gives awful warning of judgment, wrath and hell.
The Revelation prophesies of that tremendous day,
When Christ, and Christ alone, shall be the trembling sinners stay.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Four Ways not to Drown.

As each summer season comes round, we begin to hear of many lives lost through boating accidents. Some of these are due to criminal careless. The following suggestions from 'Outing' are well worth bearing in mind for all who expect to include rowing or sailing among their vacation pleasures:—

First—Do not go out in a canoe, rowboat or sailboat, small or large, unless it carries enough life-saving buoys or cushions to float all on board in case of an upset or collision.

Second—Do not go out in a sailboat except with a skipper of experience. Many a boat-load is upset through the mistaken idea, prevalent at summer resorts, that anyone can handle a small sailboat. In case of fatal accident the guilty, incompetent skipper should get ten years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Third—In case of a party in a rowboat, be sure you are finally seated before leaving the shore, particularly if there are girls. Permit no one to attempt to exchange seats after leaving shore, or to put a foot on the edge or gunwale of the boat to exchange seats, or to rock the boat. Rocking boats for fun by rollicking young people loses many lives every year. When the waters become rough from a sudden squall or a passing steamer, never rise in the boat, but settle down as close to the bottom as possible, until the water is smooth again—and don't scream or talk to the oarsman.

Fourth—If overturned, a non-swimmer by drawing the arms up to the sides and pushing down with widely extended hands, while stair climbing, or treading water with the feet, may keep up several minutes, often when a single minute means life, or throwing out arms, dog fashion, forward overhand and pulling in, as if reaching for something, may keep one at least afloat until help comes. A woman's skirts, held out by her extended arms while she uses her feet as if climbing stairs, will often keep her up until rescued.

The Ideal Missionary.

At the Conference of Christian Workers, in Brummana, Syria, each of the two hundred delegates was asked to write on a paper the 'three most important characteristics of the ideal missionary.' The following are some of them:—

Sound in body and mind.
Able to eat all kinds of food.
Prepared to rough it if necessary.
A natural gift for languages.
Bible study, heart study, language study.
A student of the problems of his field.
The gift of humor, in being able to laugh at yourself and begin again.
Able to preach Christianity and not laugh at the superstitions of the people.
Earnestness in prayer and soul winning.
An overflowing, Spirit-filled life.
Believer in the possibilities of human nature.
Tact, courtesy, and kindness to other missionaries and the people.
Common sense.
The ability to set others to work.
Interest in every one he meets.
A warm heart, a hard head, and a thick skin.
Selflessness in accepting the station assigned.
One who lives up to what he preaches.
Of a single purpose.
Baptized with the Holy Spirit.
A witness of what God has wrought in him.
Much in prayer and intercession for others.
Of unfailing faith.
Holds on, though seeing no fruit.
Belief in God, that he will have all men to be saved.
Sure of the ultimate triumph of the gospel.
Constrained by the love of Christ.
Perfectly surrendered to God.
Willing to efface self and exalt Christ.
A Christlike humility.
A bond-servant of Christ.
Emptied of self.
A keen ear to detect God's whisper.
Gentle to all.
Apt to teach.
An unadvertised self-denial.
A firm belief in the people, ever striving to find the angel in the rough block of marble.
A life laid down at the feet of Christ.
A Christlike love for souls.
Sanctified common sense.
Able to understand the people and win their confidence.
All things to all men.
Patience.
Power of living at peace with all men.
A Divine sense of proportion, putting things first which are first.—'Morning Star.'

Pietro.

THE STORY OF A CANARY BIRD.

(Julia A. E. Buck, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

(Concluded.)

We had a small mirror standing on a table in our sitting-room, in front of which Peter often stood, holding his head first on one side and then on the other, then straightening himself up until his entire tail touched the table, and with many little airs he would sing one of his most charming songs to the bird in the mirror. After this he spent much time searching for the bird on which he had bestowed so much attention, often peering under, over and behind the mirror. Failing to find him, he would hop away, apparently quite disgusted, and would pay no more attention to the mirror for days.

If he saw me eating anything, he fluttered his wings excitedly, and asked me in so cute, coaxing a way to share it with him that I often put a little morsel on the tip of my tongue for him; this he took without the slightest fear; indeed, he ate anything I gave him in this way.

One of his brightest tricks, and one which seemed to interest my friends most, was 'playing dead.' I placed him on his back in the palm of my hand, and, stroking him gently, said, 'Poor little Peter is sick.' He would say, 'Peep, peep' and again, when I said, 'Poor, sick little Peter' he responded with a faint little 'Pe-ep.' Then I said very sadly, 'Poor little Peter is all dead now'; and he closed his eyes, and lay very still and limp, with his head hanging over the side of my hand until I said, 'Now, Peter is alive again.' All this time I held my hand as still as possible. Then he turned over, and started up with a chirp, apparently very much alive. I always petted him then to his entire satisfaction.

Strange to say, he seemed to enjoy this trick immensely, and did it quite readily for my grandmother, though he always showed a marked preference for me.

I went from home once for a short visit, and I must say that, much as I wanted to go, it was with a sad heart that I left little Peter, fearing that he might forget me during my two weeks' absence. I knew I should be missed by him; for both my grandfather and grandmother often told me how lonely he was when I was away for an hour or two.

On my return I went at once and sat down near his cage to see whether he recognized me. Imagine my delight when he came directly to the side of his cage, and in every possible way showed that he was rejoiced to see me, twittering, and crowding as close to me as the wires would allow, bobbing his head, and looking intently at me, as if he feared he might lose sight of me again.

After he had bidden me welcome he commenced to chirp and peck at one of his feet; then he would look at me and talk and peck at his foot again. Of course, I could not understand these strange actions, and looked to my grandmother inquiringly.

She smiled, and said, 'It is certainly the most wonderful thing I have ever known him to do.' Then she said: 'I did not write you about it for fear it would take all the pleasure out of your visit. Just a few days after you went away Mary, the cook, was trying to catch him to put him into his cage; you know he always objects to Mary's catching him because she swoops down upon him so like a hawk instead of scooping him up in her hand as you do. Well, after making several unsuccessful attempts, she put her clumsy hand down upon him, and her big, hard thumb came down on that very foot, and crushed the delicate little back toe. It is only within a day or two that he has been able to sit on his perch, as he could not cling on with that foot; and now he is telling you all about it. What wonderful intelligence the little fellow shows!'

I was delighted to know he had not forgotten me, and so sorry he had been made to suffer so much that I both laughed and cried.

His foot was never well again; the toe became stiff and of little use to him, though I think in time it ceased to be painful. Poor little fellow, he was never able to dance again, which was, by the way, another of his accomplishments. In his dancing-days, when he was on the floor, if I held up my finger, he would hop and skip along opposite to it, keeping up with it, and all the time dancing sidewise, stepping backward and forward, keeping time with my finger, singing with all the energy of his little being, and poised as erect as possible.

His injury, however, did not prevent him from playing 'kite,' which was another of his favorite pastimes. To play this game, we used a piece of thread about a yard long. I took hold of one end of the thread, while he took the other end in his beak. As I moved about the room, swinging my arm high and low, this way and that, he kept hold of his end of the thread. When I feared he might be getting tired, I laid my end of the thread on the table, then he would at once drop his end. But as soon as I took it up again he laid hold of it, and was ready for another 'kite-flying' trip around the room. I was always the one to give up first at this game.

Peter was very fond of his home, and, wherever he chanced to be, if he heard me close his door, he flew to it at once, and, hopping around the cage, tried in every possible way to get into it. The door was one of the kind that opens by being pushed up. When he was inside, and wanted to go out, if the door was closed, he would take hold of it with his beak and raise it. This he did many a time, nothwithstanding that he never once succeeded in effecting his escape.

In the autumn, after the injury to his foot, through the carelessness of some one his cage was one day left hanging in a cold draught of air, and he took a very severe cold. His throat seemed to be affected much like that of a person who has diphtheria, and he was soon unable to swallow. He thus became a terrible little sufferer.

I had taught him, when he was not much more than a baby bird, to bring to me anything he picked up when hopping about on the carpet, such as pieces of broom-straw, pins, or bits of thread. He would lay them at my feet, or on my lap, or hold them in his beak for me to take them, which I always did. So, when he felt this severe pain in his little throat, he came to me and opened his beak, evidently thinking I could remove the trouble. This pathetic display of faith in my ability to help him, and my utter helplessness to do so, grieved me so that I was obliged to leave the room. He then appealed to my grandmother for relief. She stroked his aching throat, and tried to comfort him all she could; but she too was quite overcome with sorrow at seeing him suffer so much.

The next morning Pietro, the loved and loving little bird, was sleeping his last sleep on the floor of his much-loved tiny willow cage. With tear-dimmed eyes I carefully wrapped the cage, and my grandfather tenderly laid him to rest in the garden, and properly marked the spot so that nothing should disturb the place where rested the form of one of the most intelligent canaries, I believe, that ever lived.

Neatness Begins at Home.

Our ranking in the world depends on what we do, not on what we can do, and so a shabbily dressed young man discovered when he applied to the manager of a large department store for employment.

'What can you do?' asked the manager, abruptly.

'Most anything,' answered the applicant.

'Can you dust?'

'Yes, indeed.'

'Then why don't you begin on your hat?'

The young man had not thought of that.

'Can you clean leather goods?'

'Oh, yes.'

'Then it is carelessness on your part that your shoes are not clean.'

The young man had not thought of that either.

'Well, can you scrub?'

'Yes, indeed,' was the reply.

'Then I can give you something to do. Get out and try your strength on that collar you have on. But don't come back.'—'Sunday-School Messenger.'

Fred Rainsford's Old-age Pension.

'Can you tell me the time, sir?'

The speaker was an old man, and his dress showed that he was dependent upon the parish for support. He had been taking an afternoon walk in the forest in the vicinity of an old mansion, recently purchased by the Poor-law Guardians as a home for some of their aged poor. It was a fine old place, with historic memories, and large, well-wooded ground. Truly, those who in days gone by chose this spot for a residence had a taste for all that was beautiful in nature.

Yet the old man had a discontented air about him, and even the voice in which he spoke had a quarrelsome tone.

The man addressed was also old, but he had the air of a man who was comfortably off, and owed no man anything.

He took out his watch and replied, 'It is half-past three,' then added, 'Can you tell me what place this is, and who owns it? Is it a school or an institution? I am on a visit to this part, and quite a stranger.'

The man in fustian eyed his companion a little curiously, as if he doubted whether his inquiry was really genuine, and he was not 'taking a rise out of him,' then he replied, 'That's how this here country of ourn pensions off her working men—those who have worked their fingers to the bone for rich folks—they hevs to end their days in a place they calls the "house," where they gets "grub" good enough for prisoners, an' no beer or 'bacca, only a drop o' tea that my old woman says ain't as good as she threw away.'

'And this is the "house?"' asked his companion. 'It is a fine old place.'

'Well, ye see, 'twas a gentleman's park all across here, a hundred acres or more, an' they cut it up for buildin', an' this "house" is only fer some of us old uns. There's a lot o' talk about old-age pensions; but they ain't done much; they think it's good enough to keep us here. The old man sat down on a seat near as he spoke, and his companion, not being in a hurry, sat down also. There was a pause, and the man in fustian went on again—'The worst part of it is that me an' my ole woman has ter be parted: she has ter be in the women's part. Ah, well, I s'pose it's only what one may expect; things ain't equal nohow. If anyone had said to me in my young days, "Abraham Minshall, you'll come to the work-h-us, afore ye die," I'd a knocked him over; but it's come to it, and we're only paupers.'

'Abraham Minshall!' exclaimed the other man.' 'Did you work at Everard's shipbuilding yard when they built the "Nimrod"?'

'Yes, I did. What's your name? Not Fred Rainsford?'

'Yes, I am Fred Rainsford. I have often wondered what became of you after you left Cardiff.'

'Oh, I went north and south, east and west. I wanted more money and I got it—I've had some good jobs in my time. What did you do?'

'I stayed where I was; the money was certain and the work constant, so I just stuck to it.'

'And what are you doing now—pensioned off?'

'No, I'm living near Southend, on my own estate,' was the reply.

'On your own estate!' exclaimed Abraham. 'No, you should not try to hev me; I ain't ter be caught with chaff. But we've got time—ye might jest walk along ter the end of this 'ere road, ter the "Forest Arms," an' treat an old pal. I ain't had half a pint for mor'n a week now, an' I'm longing fer a glass o' beer.'

'I suppose you've always been used to your glass of beer once a day, at least,' added old Mr. Rainsford.

'Ah, you're right there! not one glass—I never had less than three, more often six, an' sometimes threepen'oth o' gin or whiskey as well.'

'Jest turned seventy,' was the reply.

'And we were both young when we worked at Everard's,' added Rainsford.

'I started work there as soon as I was out o' my time,' said Abraham.

'So did I,' added Rainsford, 'and I worked for them for forty years.'

'That's a long time,' replied Abraham; 'I suppose you get a pension.'

'Yes, I pensioned myself off at sixty, and retired to my country house. I looked after my old-age pension; now I'm enjoying it.'

Abraham looked enquiringly at his companion.

'I am not joking,' said Rainsford; 'and the next day you get out you come down to my place and see for yourself. I have some land and a house I have built for myself near to Southend. I have a nice little orchard and garden, and Mrs. Rainsford often says what a comfort it is to have such a snug little place to call our own.'

'Well, I dunno,' said Abraham; 'ye must have had some uncommon good luck, and good wages, too—or maybe ye've had money left ye.'

'Not at all. But I'll tell you how I managed. I made up my mind when I was out of my time, and started work for myself, that I would never take a glass of beer, not with anyone or under any pretence, and I have kept my word. I put all my beer money away, and the wife did the same; and as we got a little we banked it, and then invested it—and you know "money makes money," Abraham. I saved threepence a day, and the wife did the same. Threepence a day in a year comes to nine pounds fifteen; add to that the wife's threepence, and that doubles it—nineteen pounds ten; and doing this for nearly forty years has given us nearly eight hundred pounds and with interest it has amounted to one thousand. This is our beer money—our old-age pension; it has purchased our house and land. This is my address; come and see us. There is money to pay your fare. Will you come?' and Rainsford rose to go.

'Thank you; yes, I will,' said Abraham, and he watched his old friend walk on, then turned his own steps toward the 'house.'

* * * * * * * *

But Abraham meant to go and visit his old friend and see for himself whether it was true that he possessed his own estate, so the very next day off he started for 'Homelands.'

He had sent word to Rainsford that he was coming, but judge of his surprise when his friend met him at the little country station with a pony and trap. They drove about two miles to a pretty country cottage covered with roses, and a garden full of flowers around it. An orchard lay behind it, and beyond that a meadow where grazed a cow.

Later on, Abraham found there were two or three pigs there, ducks and chickens, a good field of potatoes and cabbages, beans and peas. So money was still making money, and increasing the pension.

'Well, you see,' said Rainsford, 'I like to keep a man about the place, and my wife likes a servant in the house, so we make the place pay its own expenses.'

Within the cottage all was as neat and as pretty as without; flowers blossomed in the windows behind soft white curtains, there were comfortable arm chairs, a well-cooked dinner, tea out in the garden, and a drive back in the evening to the station.

When they shook hands at parting, Abraham's voice quavered as he said: 'I have been a fool, Rainsford. I might have been as well off as you are. I grumbled and growled at those in authority, an' thought I was badly done by, instead o' savin' and doin' what I ought ted ha' done, an' now' we're parted, the old woman and me, and won't even git buried together.' The man brushed a tear away as he spoke—'Ah, if only young folks 'ud be wise.'

'Ah,' added Rainsford, 'if they only would.'—The 'British Temperance League Pictorial Tract.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

LITTLE FOLKS

Old Friends in New Places.

Did you ever hear of cats collecting money for sick people? It sounds very odd, doesn't it?

We have often seen pictures of dogs with collecting boxes round their necks, standing, with or without some person in charge at a busy

corner in London, ready to receive gifts for the sick or poor; but we hardly thought cats could be taught to do anything of that sort.

They can, for at a certain railway station in England there are two cats who sit patiently on the counter of the news-stand, their boxes tied on with pretty ribbons. There they stay looking at passers-by, and in their silent way asking for help. These clever pussies have been taught, when anyone puts a bit of money in their boxes, to say 'Meouw,' which of course, in pussy language means 'Thank you very much.' From time to time the boxes are opened and the money given to one of the hospitals in the city.

Here is another old friend in a very new place. You never thought to see Mr. Grunter as a pony, I am sure. There was a little city boy once, who spent a few weeks in the country, where there was a litter of the 'dearest, sweetest little pigs you ever saw'—so Bobbie called them. When the time came to go home he whispered to mamma one night that if they didn't cost too much, he would like to buy one from Farmer Brown.'

'What would you do with it?' said mamma.

'Oh!' said Bobbie, 'I thought I could fix up a little box and teach it to pull a cart.'

How mamma laughed! Yet one little boy in England managed to make a pig serve him as a pony. The 'Sunday Magazine' gives a picture, taken from a photograph,

of the plucky little chap who owns the pig and who is as proud to drive round the town in his comical cart, as any one could possibly be in a grand carriage drawn by fine horses.

Aunt Greta's Will.

(By Mrs. S. A. Siewert.)

'Greta, don't pass between your father and the stove; go around.'

'Mamma, I wish you wouldn't pester the life out of me. I'm not hurting father.'

'No, my dear; but you are hurting yourself. If you're not polite at home, you'll not be polite elsewhere; and you can't expect people to like you.'

'Then let them dislike me,' replied Greta in a short, hateful tone, which she frequently allowed herself to use. 'I'll soon be eighteen, and then father's aunt Greta will make me just as good and so rich that people will be glad enough to be my friends without any coaxing.'

'I have never seen Aunt Greta,' said Mrs. Fairbanks. 'But I do not expect her to bestow her hard-earned fortune upon you.'

'Well, I do. She told Uncle Nate that because you and father named me for her, she intended to will at least a large share of her property to me, when I became of age. I'd like to know what more evidence you would want?'

'Uncle Nate said,' replied the mother, 'that Aunt Greta expected to favor you, if you pleased her, my dear.'

'Well, I'm sure your insinuations are not very flattering. Just as though I would not have sense enough to make a good impression on her. If she sends for me to go out to Nevada and visit her, I'll make over her until she will give me twice as much as she previously intended. You may trust me for managing that,' was the reply.

'Greta, if I were you, I would begin trying to make a good impression upon those around me, so as to be in practice. I'm sure we would all appreciate it,' suggested the mother, whose ironing had been laid aside at the demand of the daughter, that a dress might be finished which Greta had suddenly decided that she wanted to wear on the following day to a picnic to which she had been invited.

Presently Mrs. Fairbanks said, 'I must have some more thread, or I can not finish this. Will you go to the store and get me some?'

'Well, if I didn't just have to have that dress, I wouldn't. Why didn't you order the thread when you bought the goods?' snapped Greta, as she put on her hat and went out into the hall.

At the door she met an old woman wearing a black sun-bonnet and a plaid shawl. In her hand she carried a small bag. 'Is this where Lawyer Fairbanks lives, and is Mrs. Fairbanks at home?' enquired the stranger.

'Yes, but she's no time for charity people to-day,' replied Greta as she pushed roughly past her. 'Mother would be angry,' she thought to herself as she went on her way, 'if she knew I didn't let that thing in; but I do get so everlastingly tired of that mission gang, that I

don't know what to do. Mamma has no more sense than to encourage them and even to give them money.'

Greta stopped on her way to see a friend, and after several hours' absence, returned home. Her mother met her in the hall. 'Aunt Greta is here, dear,' she said.

'Aunt Greta! What in the world is she here for, and where is she?'

'She was passing thro' this part of the State to look after some mining interests and stopped to visit us and have father's assistance in making out her will. They are upstairs now working at it.'

'But she hasn't seen me!' exclaimed Greta.

'She said she met you at the door, when she came in, dear,' replied the mother.

'What? She's not that old woman with that hideous—' but the mother nodded and passed into an adjoining room, just as Mr. Fairbanks' stenographer came down stairs. Greta rushed up to him and said, 'Do tell me to whom that woman willed her property.'

'To some charitable institution, I believe,' replied he, and passed out.

Humiliated and angry, Greta burst into bitter tears. She hurried to her own room and, after an hour's suffering, sobbed herself to sleep. She awoke some time later thinking she heard her mother saying again, 'If you are not polite at home, you'll not be polite elsewhere, and you can't expect people to like you.'

Greta never told what else occurred that night, but the moonbeams stealing in hours later saw her kneeling beside her bed; and the tear-stained, penitent face was raised toward God. She didn't go to the picnic next day, but stayed to help her mother with the unfinished ironing. Perhaps many guessed, but none except Greta and the moonbeams really knew the answer to the often heard question, 'What has so changed Greta Fairbanks? She used to be so hateful but she's getting to be so lovable.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

The Kind Kitty.

'Oh, isn't this a pity?'
Said fluffy little Kitty;
'I'm ready for a game,
But Brother Puss is sleeping;
And though I'm nearly weeping,
To wake him is a shame!'

'You see,' she whispered sadly,
'I want to play so badly,
But brother's not quite well;
And if I were to wake him.
Of course I might just make him
Much worse than I can tell!'

Her green eyes were a-winking,
For tears had set them blinking;
But Kitty rested still,
Because she knew her mother
Was anxious over brother,
Who had been very ill.

So Kitty wouldn't leave him,
Or do a thing to grieve him—
Though only just a cat!
For she had learnt the beauty
Of kindness and of duty.
What do you think of that?

Think of this little ditty,
And don't let any Kitty
Be kinder, Dots, than you.
Take care of one another,
And try to please your mother—
As children all should do.
—'Our Little Dots.'

Mary's Hurt Finger.

(Miss Annie D. Walker, in 'N.Y. Observer.')

Two girls, cousins, were visiting in the country at the home of their auntie. The young Misses' names were Mary and Kate. Mary was thirteen years old, and Kate was fourteen. The visit was full of enjoyment for the children, till one day the good auntie announced that for a few days she would have a quilt upon the frames and she expected her young guests to help her quilt.

Both disclaimed a little at this—they had never quilted any, and didn't know how.

'Oh,' said auntie, 'I will teach you; it is only an ordinary quilt, and the lesson will be good for you.'

Kate was willing to accept the condition of things, but Mary, more wilful, sat down to think how she could clear herself of the dreaded task. She really did wish she had a sore finger. And this brought to her mind the fact that she never cracked nuts without hurting her fingers. 'That will be fine,' she said to herself. 'I will not hurt my finger on purpose, but if I do hurt it, I will not have to quilt.'

Fired with her wrong thought, Mary sat down in the kitchen and began to crack nuts. Sure enough the cruel hammer came down upon her forefinger, bruising it sadly.

Auntie was all sympathy, and she said: 'I am especially sorry on account of the quilting.'

'Why are you sorry particularly on that account, auntie?' asked the tearful girl.

'Oh, I had a little secret in connection with it, that was to bring pleasure to my dear young guests. I have invited six other young girls of my acquaintance to come and quilt with you. Then I intended to give a prize to the girl who did the best work. I thought to-day to train you two a little so you would be able to compete with the country girls.'

'Oh,' cried Mary, 'I am so sorry about this, auntie,' and with a conscience clamoring fiercely, and a face full of tears, Mary held out her finger as her auntie tied it up in a soft bit of old linen.

Upon the following day the party took place, and Mary had a double punishment, when to her cousin Kate was the prize awarded. Auntie had provided a second prize of less value—and it was proposed and seconded that Mary, on account of her accident, should have this.

'No, no,' cried the guilty girl, 'I cannot, I will not,' and she thrust the pretty little needle case away from her, saying as she did so, 'I will tell you the reason afterwards, aunt.'

Kate, holding in her hand her present, a beautiful little work-basket containing a needle-book full of needles, a pretty little pair of scissors and a shining silver thimble—threw her arm around her cousin, saying, 'Oh, I am so grieved for you, Mary.'

And Mary was to be pitied, for she had brought all the trouble upon herself.

The contrast was striking. Kate, who had been willing to comply with her aunt's requirements, was full of innocent joy as she admired her valuable little present, while Mary felt burdened with guilt and disappointment.

We are glad to say that the troubled girl, before going to bed, confessed her fault to her aunt, and received her forgiveness. Truly the way of transgressors is hard.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 21.

Jesus Before Pilate.

John xviii., 28-40.

Golden Text.

Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice. John xviii., 37.

Commit verses 37, 38.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 15.—John xviii., 28-40.
Tuesday, May 16.—Matt. xxvi., 26-35.
Wednesday, May 17.—John xviii., 1-13.
Thursday, May 18.—Mark xiv., 55-65.
Friday, May 19.—Luke xxii., 54-62.
Saturday, May 20.—Luke xxiii., 1-12.
Sunday, May 21.—Is. liii., 1-12.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Pilate was a misfit as a procurator of Judea. He was careless of the religious prejudices of the people he was set to govern. The incident of the gilt shields and the mingling of the blood of the Galileans with that of their sacrifices proves it. Another popular appeal to Rome would depose him. Imagine, then, his feelings when the feast being at its height, there appeared at his palace-gate a mob headed by the high priest, and all worked to highest pitch of religious frenzy. It was aggravating, yet fear required that they should not be driven unheard from the judgment-seat. Pilate made his first concession when he placed his judgment-seat outside the hall. The prosecutors of Jesus feared that in the palace there might be some leaven, and they would thus be disqualified from completing the feast of unleaven bread. Court having opened, the judge demanded the substance of the accusation. The answer was that the fact they had brought the accused to the governor was evidence of the aggravated character of his offense. Petty crimes they could punish; capital, Rome only. Ignoring what was said, Pilate bade them take Jesus and punish him according to their law. This brought, as was expected, the humiliating confession that they had lost power to inflict capital punishment. Again the accusation is demanded, and the reply is that Jesus proclaims himself King. Pilate rises, beckons Jesus to follow him into the judgment hall, and asks him, 'Art thou [poor, lone peasant] King of the Jews?' Jesus puts the counter-question, 'Do you ask me if I am King in the Roman or Jewish sense?' and then proceeds, 'In the Roman sense I am no king. In the mistaken Jewish sense I am no king. My kingdom is unlike any earthly kingdom. If it were like them, I would have trained my followers to arms.' 'Are you a king in any sense?' asks Pilate. 'I am. My realm is truth. My subjects, the lovers of truth.' 'Truth! What transcendentalism is this?' A moment later Pilate is announcing the innocence of the accused. It raised a tumult. Accusations fly like arrows. Pilate sends Jesus to Herod Antipas, then a guest in Jerusalem. Most of the public life of accused having been spent in Galilee, of which Herod was ruler. But the expedient fails. Jesus is returned. 'What shall I do with Jesus?' asks the jaded governor. Then for the first time ring out the fateful words, 'Crucify him!' One more protest, 'Why crucify an innocent man? Let me scourge him only.' Like a wild sea the vociferation broke about the Gabbatha. Pilate tries to shrive himself by washing his hands. The Jews accept the onus. Pilate as a last appeal brings Jesus out after his scourging, and cries: 'Behold the man! Is not this suffering enough?' The reply is, 'Crucify him!' Pilate retorts, 'Then crucify him, but he is innocent.' Another expedient occurs to the vacillating judge. It is customary to release at this festival a condemned prisoner. If they choose, he will release Jesus.' But they choose Barabbas. Now comes the warning of Pilate's wife. The judge was on the point even now, of acquitting Jesus, when the prosecutor uses the last arrow in his quiver, and cries, 'Let this man go, and you are not Caesar's friend.' 'Behold your king,' said Pilate. 'We have no king but Caesar,' the retort. 'Crucify!' 'Shall I crucify your king ' 'We have no king but Caesar,' resounds once more. So ended the long-drawn battle in which the life of Jesus was the stake. Pilate orders him to the cross.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

Pilate is a conspicuous type of the time-server. He had no moral earnestness. He thought truth an indifferent matter. His ruling motive was to keep his place. To do this, if necessary, he was willing to condemn the innocent.

Yet to some degree he showed a Roman's proverbial regard for law and justice. He demanded the accusation and evidence. He contended with the Jews, making use of various expedients, until they were on the point of tumult; then, however, he ignominiously conceded to their demand.

Pilate's time-serving brought him small reward. He eked out his official life a few more years; but, on the complaint of these very Jews whom he sought to placate by such a sacrifice of honor, he was finally deposed and exiled. His name will go down to the end of time in deepest infamy, as it is repeated in every land and language in the imperishable creed 'Crucified under Pontius Pilate.'

Take from the galleries of the Old World the pictures, the themes of which were suggested by the life of Jesus, and art would be irretrievably impoverished; and gospel narrative still yields inspiration for the pencil of genius, as Munkacsy's 'Christ Before Pilate' shows.

'Art thou king?' How unlikely! So it seemed to the procurator, proud of his power, and inclined to patronize the despised claimant to royalty. Yet Jesus was the real Ruler, though in disguise. Pilate's power, then on the wane, lasted a scant six years longer. Jesus' dominion, ever augmenting, has lasted for twenty centuries, extends from sea to sea, and is owned by three hundred million of the race. David's cradle hymn over the infant Solomon applies better to David's greater Son.

In the ultimate testing of character, the tinsel and trappings of office play no part. The moral qualities of justice, humanity, courage and the like, outweighs crowns, sceptres and thrones. Nothing fortuitous counts. In the final analysis it is what the man is that makes or unmakes him, not what he appears.

One morally earnest soul is the touchstone for all others. They rise or fall by such test. As Jesus is the supreme ethical and spiritual character, the destiny of men is fixed by their attitude toward him. This is not arbitrary, but inheres in the very nature of the case. A choice must needs be pressed. The cry which was heard at Pilate's judgment seat still rings in the conscience, 'Which will ye?' Will the loftiest character the world has ever known be taken as the model or one less worthy—or wholly unworthy. The circumstances do not admit of neutrality. It is still 'for' or 'against,' 'gathering with or scattering abroad.' The same choice made two thousand years ago is making still in current life. There are tragic personal rejections of the Christ-ideal, as there was then a national rejection.

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTARIES.

Hall of judgment: A Latin term, denoting the palace of a Roman governor. What accusation? State your case. Not a malefactor—not delivered: Conscious they had no case of which Pilate could not take cognizance, as insensate they had already found him guilty of death under their law, but not having power under Roman law to inflict extreme penalty, had only come for his sanction. What death he should die: Crucifixion being the Roman mode. Art thou the king? Question occasioned by Jews' accusation that he was perverting the nation and calling himself a king. Sayest thou of thyself? Question designed to bring out whether the word king was meant in a political sense or religious sense. If in former it was a case for Pilate; if in the latter he could take no cognizance. Am I a Jew? 'I do not meddle with Jewish questions, but thou art here on a charge, which, though it seems only Jewish, may yet involve treasonable matter.' Pilate seeks to determine the relevancy of the charge. Not of this world: My kingdom is such a one as need give thee not the least alarm. Would my servants fight? A convincing argument; for if his servants did not fight to prevent their king from being delivered up, much less would they use force for the establishment of his kingdom. Not from hence: He says whence his kingdom is not—first affirming. This was all Pilate had to do with. He would not obtrude the positive nature of his kingdom. Art Thou a king? No sarcasm; only surprise and uneasiness. Every one of the truth: A kingdom of souls who have learned count all things lost for truth. What is truth? Question of questions. When he had said this: As if but putting this question he was getting into interminable inquiries when this business required rather prompt action. He went: Thus missing a noble opportunity for himself and giving utterance to that consciousness of the want of all moral certainty which was the feeling of every thoughtful mind at that time. I find: No crime. Will ye therefore? Though convinced of Christ's innocence, Pilate acts as if he were guilty, probably because he was unwilling to run counter to the finding of the Sanhedrim.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 21.—Topic—Growing up for God. Eph. iv., 11-16. (Union meeting with the Juniors.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

GROWING UP FOR GOD.

Monday, May 15.—Grow in grace. II. Peter iii., 18.

Tuesday, May 16.—Growing by God's word. I. Peter ii., 2.

Wednesday, May 17.—Your faith groweth. II. Thess. i., 3.

Thursday, May 18.—Growing in God's favor. I. Sam. ii., 26.

Friday, May 19.—Growing strong in spirit. Luke i., 80.

Saturday, May 20.—How Jesus grew. Luke ii., 52.

Sunday, May 21.—Topic—Growing up for God. Eph. iv., 13-16. (Union meeting with the older society.)

What to do With Your Doubts

Dr. Trumbull tells of a 'charge' given to a keen-minded young pastor by Dr. Horace Bushnell, in which he said: 'If you have doubuts that trouble you very much do not try to solve them at once. Hang then up in your study for a while, and attend to things that you have no doubt about. By and by, when you have leisure, and feel so inclined, take your doubts down. Very likely you will find, when you attempt to examine them anew, that they have settled themselves.' That is also very wise advice for young people and those that are older; for preachers and all others.—Exchange.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each or ten new subscriptions at 40 cents each.

PICTORIAL TESTAMENT—A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge. Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, or six renewals at forty cents each.

Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—Don't forget what we said about the hospital cot. Already we have received some gifts for it. If you can only send two or three two-cent stamps remember they will help, and that they will give you a share in caring for the poor sick children in Labrador. Be sure you say in your letter that the gift is for the cot.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

ABOUT OUR PICTURES.

'April Showers bring May Flowers' is the name of Willie's picture (6). On the umbrella he wrote a calendar for the month, which we didn't put in, as it wouldn't have come out distinctly in print. Probably you can easily imagine what it looked like, and draw one for yourself.

Olive (9) has drawn a picture of a bride and a little girl—perhaps her sister holding a doll, or a younger sister.

Arthur's schoolhouse (No. 3) is proudly waving its new flag. LeRoy sends 'A Forest Home.' Do any boys and girls live there, we wonder? Do they go to school and see other children, or do they live year after year doing their little chores, playing out in the woods, and learning their lessons to say to their father? Once in a while they have a glimpse of the outside world, perhaps, and what a wonderland it seems to them.—Cor. Ed.

Clyde, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I did not see my last letter in print, I thought I would write again. I am sending you a picture, which I hope you will please put in your paper. I have named it 'A Rainy Day.' I am in the junior fourth class at school. I intend to try for the senior fourth at Easter. I like looking at the pictures on the Correspondence Page very much.

ETHEL G. S.

Drayton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Papa drives me to school in the bad weather. I had a cat called Tommy. Our dog's name was Ponto. I go to Sunday-school at the Methodist church. I went with my sister to see a friend on a farm last summer. We went down to the rocks near the river and picked shells and pretty stones. There are eight hundred people in Drayton, and it is a busy town. Santa Claus was good to me last Christmas.

SADIE F. L. (age 11).

Cornell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for over three years, and I like it very much. The place where I live is up on a big hill, and we can see for miles in all directions. There are not many houses on our road, as it is so far from town. I am sending a drawing, and I hope to see it published soon. I am in the fourth book, and I think I will try the entrance this summer. I have one brother and two sisters. We have a farm of fifty acres and a stream called 'The Plum' runs through the back part of it. We have eleven cows and four horses.

'OXFORD BOY' (age 11).

Vankleek Hill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' My father is a doctor. I am nine years old. I have a twin-brother. I have five sisters and five brothers. We have a dog named Joe and two horses, and one cow. I go to school and am in the second room. My sister takes the 'Messenger.' This picture shows that when April showers come they bring the May flowers. W. McI.

Hawkesville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Quite a few people around here take the 'Messenger'; but as I have not seen any letters from this village, I thought that I would send one. I am twelve years old and I am in the highest class at school. Hawkesville is next to Conestoga, the prettiest village in this county. It has three stores, a sawmill, a flour mill, woollen factory and several other places besides a number of dwelling-houses. I have one sister and two brothers. My father has a horse and a cow. We have a new teacher in our school. I am sending a drawing which I hope to see in the paper. I saw Minnie E. M.'s question in the paper about hiding the prophets. Obadiah hid the prophets by fifties in caves. He hid them from Jezebel. It is found in I. Kings xviii., 4.

KITTY B.

Price's Corners, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school. I like to read it, and I think it is a nice paper. I am sending a picture, which I have drawn, and hope to see it printed in the 'Messenger' on the Correspondence Page. I live on the shore of Bass Lake, and the Government has prohibited fishing in the lake for two years. Our public school is getting up a concert with a view to getting a library for the school. JOHNNIE N.

Stoney Brae.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day. I am in the second book. I have six brothers and five sisters. My brothers are all older than myself. I live on a farm. We have two colts and two horses, and seven head of cattle. The railway runs through our place. With best wishes to all: RUBY McL.

Winston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years old, and take the 'Messenger.' My father is a farmer, and owns 120 acres of land. My little sister and I have got to do the chores, as my father is very busy this winter. We have one pig, two turkeys, thirty-six hens, three pigeons, fourteen sheep, two horses and twenty-six head of cattle. I have never written to the 'Messenger' before. CHARLES W. T.

Rushbrooke street, Montreal, Que.

Dear Elitor,—I am a little boy of eight years. I came from Africa, and there was no snow there. The first time I saw snow I thought it was hail, because there was hail in Africa. I am sending you a schoolhouse with a Canadian flag. ARTHUR J. R.

(We are very glad to see this picture. Who else will send us a picture of their school with their new flag up?—Cor. Ed.)

Gunter, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My aunt gave my brother the 'Messenger' when he was small, and I read it. I think it is very nice. I stay at my grandpa's most of the time, and go to school. There are six pupils in my class. I have two brothers and one sister. Richard is fifteen, Maud is thirteen, I am ten, and Judson is a little baby nine months old. My mother died in June, and it is very lonesome without her. My grandmother keeps the baby. I am sending a drawing. OLIVE V. H.

Severn Bridge, Muskoka.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and read in the senior third. I have two brothers and two sisters. My eldest sister stays with her grandfather. I have thirteen uncles and twelve aunties, and one grandfather. He is over eighty years old, and I hope he lives for eighty more years, as I like to go to see him. He lives on a farm. I have uncles living in British Columbia, Bracebridge, North-West Ryde, Dalton, Fenelon Falls, and Orilla, and cousins without number. I have something that all little girls or boys cannot boast of. I have a twin brother and a sister. My auntie has sent me the 'Messenger' now for six years and I like it very much. BELLA B.

St. George, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger.' I live in New Brunswick now, but I was born in India eight years ago. I go skating every winter on a pond near our house. I have an air gun which father bought me, a little axe, and I like to go to the woods and cut wood. I have one little brother, but no sister.

E. D. F.

Kempt Road, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letter from here, I thought I would write one. I have been taking the 'Messenger' for nearly three years, and like it very much. I have a large Maltese cat and kitten, whose name is Dina Ann; a little dog named Betty; and a fine horse named Jimmie. We had a fine convention in the Presbyterian Church where I go. I was at a party at St. Peter's, and I had a fine time. I have a cousin in Ottawa, and I like her very much, for she is a nice person; I have two cousins out west. Kempt Road is a nice place in the summer time, but it is very cold in the winter. We live two miles from Cleveland, a very nice town. I hooked two lovely mats this winter. I suppose Santa Claus went to all the houses last Christmas. He came to see me and brought me a handsome suit. MAMIE B. C.

(Mamie C. requested the words of a song. We cannot undertake to answer queries in this page, our space being limited. Any question of general interest may be sent to 'Questions and Answers' Dept. of the 'Witness.'—Cor. Ed.)

Windham Centre, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and like it very much. I go to school, and am in the fourth grade. I was at the Pan-American Exhibition at Buffalo, and saw a great many sights. I have three cats for pets. How many of the boys and girls are going to have a flower-bed this summer? I am going to have pansies, dahlias, carnations, sweet peas and verbenas. Will the boys and girls tell what flowers they like best? Will some person please explain how to grow peanuts, and what soil suits them best?

BERTICE W. P. (age 12).

RECEIVED FOR 'MESSENGER' COT IN LABRADOR HOSPITALS.

W. J. Smillie, Inwood, 50c; Sadie R., Mount Uniacke, 10c; E. H. Racicot, Waterloo, $1; Fred Clare, Alpine, Ont., 50c; Parents of Fred. Clare, Alpine, Ont., $1; L. A., $1; Winnifred and Hazel Letts, Stanbury, 20c; W. W. Avery, MacDonald's Corners, 25c; Pearl R. L. Stone, Ceylon, 25c; total, $4.80.

1. 'Swan.' Sadie F. L. (11), Drayton, Ont.
2. 'Duck.' Ruby McL., Stoney Brae.
3. 'Schoolhouse with Flag.' Arthur R. (8), Montreal, Que.
4. Charles W. T. (10), Winston, Ont.
5. 'A Forest Home.' LeRoy (11), Cornell, Ont.
6. 'April Showers.' Willie McI. (9), Vankleek Hill, Ont.
7. 'The Rose of Fairview.' Kitty B (12), Hawkesville, Ont.
8. 'Pears.' Pearl McL. (11), address not given.
9. Olive H. (10), Gunter, Ont.
10. 'A Rainy Day.' Ethel G. S. (12), Clyde, Ont.
11. 'Pansies.' Lena R., Springfield, N.S.
12. 'Ready for a Ride.' Johnnie N. (10), Price's Corners, Ont.

Temperance

Only a Glass.

Only a glass he was asked to take—
Only one glass for friendship's sake;
Only one drink, but it caused his fall—
Done to be sociable, that was all.

'Just to be sociable'—still one more,
Binding him faster than that before;
Once, then again takes the glass of sin,
Blindly ignoring the death within.

'Just to be sociable'—on he goes,
Hearts may be broken, and tears may flow,
Character ruined; for pain and gall
Just in a drink he will barter all.

'Just to be sociable'—on he goes,
Sharing the drunkard's delights and woes;
Scorning, with drunkards, the power to save—
Finally sharing the drunkard's grave.

Is there no remedy? Can it be
Nought from this bondage can set one free?
Ye who have failed, though have often tried,
Know, there is power in the Crucified.

Liquor is strong, and yet far more strong
Than the strongest drink or chains of wrong
Is the love of Christ, who came to save,
Lifting the fallen, freeing the slave.

Able He is to make all things new,
'Able to keep you from falling, too;
Then, why not let Him? Just trust His power,
Leaning on Him every day and hour.

Only believe Him—His word is true;
All that is written He says to you;
Only believe; go on in His might;
Jesus will help you the battle to fight.
—Pearl Waggoner, in the 'Lifeboat.'

A Question Fully Stated.

Here is a concise statement of the question of voting to license a saloon. The man that is willing to drive this bargain will vote to license it; the man that is not willing to drive this bargain will vote against licensing it. Read it.

'To license a thing is to endorse it, and to grant it a privilege to exist that it did not have before. To endorse a thing and voluntarily create such a privilege is to become a party to all of its probable results. To become a party to a thing is to become equally guilty with any one else with whatever is wrong or evil in the thing. To voluntarily become guilty of the wrong there is in a thing for a price is to put a price on our manhood and the integrity of purpose, on our duty to wife, child, mother, sister, brother, innocence, society and God and to sell out all of these things for the price stipulated.'—'National Advocate.'

Ruined : A Wife's Story.

You have come to condole with me, neighbor? It's kind of you—but sympathy hurts me, because I don't deserve it.

'No, I don't deserve sympathy, for it is my own hand that has brought this trouble upon me. Not that this makes it any easier to bear; no—it adds to its bitterness a thousandfold. A trouble that God sends may be borne with hope and patience, but a trouble that one goes out of one's way to fetch is a heavier burden by far.

You don't believe it? You think sorrow has caused my mind to wander? Listen to my story, and then judge.

You think that my dear husband upstairs died a natural death, but I know his breakdown was premature, and it was I who caused it. I am virtually his murderer, though I never intended any evil.

My dear, dear husband! I would have given my life for his, and yet I drove him to the brink of despair. And God saw him standing there, and mercifully called him away to rest. But I am left to suffer.

Yes, the doctor said it was failure of the heart, but it was accelerated by worry. And this might have been spared him but for my folly.

You know, of course, that he was bankrupt? Bankrupt! It's an awful word.

I remember once, when I was in town, I had to wait for a long time outside a shop, and just opposite—across the street—was another shop, which had over its door 'Bankrupt Shop.' And there were advertisement sheets hanging there with lists of 'great bargains' from the stores of the poor tradesmen who had gone under.

I didn't think much of it then, but it makes my heart ache to remember it, now I know what it is to stand in the world ruined.

Yes, ruined! That was the word my poor husband used to moan out in his sleep, and mutter under his breath in the day; it was always on his mind. He was ruined, and I was the cause of his ruin.

I was, I tell you.

You should have seen the pretty little cottage he took me to when we were first married. We lived so far apart that I had never been able to visit it beforehand, so he did all the arranging. He had taken such pains to make it comfortable, and I couldn't turn any way without seeing some evidence of how he had studied my tastes and remembered my habits. And, of course, I was pleased; but, all the same, I wasn't satisfied. The size and style of the place didn't suit me, and I made up my mind even the first night that I would coax him to remove to a larger house in a more aristocratic neighborhood.

So we went on. Bit by bit I got more expensive furniture, and my dressmaking and millinery bills frighten me to think about now. Sometimes Bob would remonstrate a little, but he was a gentle, peace-loving man, and somehow I always ruled him; he could never bear to cross me, or say me no.

I soon made a host of friends, and then I began to entertain a good bit. And one can't entertain in any style without incurring considerable expense. It was then that I began to run up wine bills.

My husband was a very abstemious man; in fact, before we were married, he had been a teetotaller, but I soon ridiculed him out of that—it looked so peculiar, for we were not thrown among a teetotal set. So he drank a little when we had company, just to please me, but he looked sterner over the wine bills than I had ever seen him before. You see, I had gone in for the very best brands, and when he suggested that we might do with something cheaper I flew into a rage. I told him it was false economy for a business man to stint in his housekeeping, for it was imperative that we should keep up appearances, if he wished to be patronized by the best families.

Then the children began to come, and, of course, we had to have a servant, for I found a charwoman quite insufficient when I had a baby on my hands. In our next house we engaged a nurse, and when we came here we needed another girl, and a lot more furniture, too. And all because I was too selfish to listen to expostulation or reasoning. My poor, poor Bob, to be burdened with such a wife!

Ah! and this is not the worst; no, not nearly the worst.

When I had my family, I took up the old-fashioned notion that it was necessary to sustain my strength with stout; everybody told me this would help me more than anything. But, in spite of the stout, I used often to find my health and spirits flagging, and then I flew to port wine, and even sometimes to the spirit flask. And so I imbibed the terrible appetite for drink. And, neighbor, it is indeed terrible.

You're surprised? Very likely, for poor Bob was always at such pains to conceal every evidence of my fault.

(To be continued.)

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

HOUSEHOLD.

Waterproof Cloth.

An exchange gives the following directions for homemade waterproof garments, which may prove of service:—

These garments keep out wind and shed rain quite as well, and are more pliable than rubber coats. The whole cost is nominal, as the materials are quite inexpensive. Four yards of unbleached muslin suffice for an over or driving coat. First make the garment, except sewing on the buttons. Make it very simply without lining. A pattern can be obtained from a linen duster. To make it waterproof: In two quarts of raw linseed oil melt a pound of beeswax, and when scalding hot thoroughly saturate the loth; when dry, rub outside and inside with boiled linseed oil. For work about the farm in rainy weather, make a garment like a shirt, only shorter, reaching a few inches below the waist line, fasten the whole length of the front with buttons and buttonholes. If a dark color is preferred, use denim in place of unbleached muslin. A waterproof apron for cleaning house and wash days costs 45 cents or 50 cents; a homemade one not over ten cents. Fit it to the form, with gores, and treat the same as coats. Strips and squares of this waterproof cloth are very useful about the house, I should have said, half the quantity of oil and beeswax will serve for an overcoat of medium size.

The Country Woman and the City Woman.

We believe that the woman in the city gives more attention to the care of her health, to the development and preservation of her body, than the country woman does.

One reason for this is that she has better facilities and more conveniences for doing so. But the chief reason, we believe, is that she has a higher appreciation of the value of health and a well-preserved body.

The country woman knows little about physical culture, and if you try to tell her about it she will say, Bosh and nonsense! and will doubtless inform you that she has enough exercise in doing her work. Housework is splendid exercise, but yet cooking, washing dishes, sweeping, making beds, and so on do not bring into play all the muscles of the body. Even the proverbial overworked farmer's wife would find herself rested by taking a few exercises that bring into play muscles that the treadmill of her household duties never make use of.

To tell a country housewife, especially she of the strenuous type, that she ought to lie down every afternoon for a bit of rest or a short nap, is almost to insult her. No, she 'is not so lazy as all that,' and the woman who does pause in the midst of household duties to lie down for a few moments to rest the fretted nerves and relax the tense muscles is a 'lazy, shiftless, good-for-nothing housekeeper,' in the opinion of her energetic, never-resting neighbor. But nevertheless while the one woman is recuperating herself mentally and physically, keeping her face young and her brow free from wrinkles, by her afternoon siesta, the other woman is becoming worn and old and wrinkled, and preparing for a premature breakdown. Her floors may be scrubbed cleaner, her kitchen tables scoured brighter, but it will be at the expense of herself, physically and mentally.

Of course, it is not always possible for a woman to have even a few minutes to rest in the middle of the day. Even the city woman, who is generally supposed to have nothing to do, is not always at leisure to have an afternoon nap. Especially if she is a business woman she has neither the time nor the opportunity for it. But she will generally take a walk at noon, go out for her luncheon, something to make a change in the routine of her work, and the change itself is restful.

Then the country woman does not give the attention to bathing that the city woman does. This is largely because the country woman has not the facilities for taking a bath, and then she has never gotten into the habit of knowing the luxury of a daily bath. She thinks if she takes a bath once a week she has done herself credit.

To tell the country housewife that she should take a cold bath on rising every morning, or at

least a rough towel rub, take a few exercises to start the blood circulating, breathe deeply twenty times at any open window, clean her teeth thoroughly and brush her hair,—do all this every morning as soon as she gets up, she would simply laugh at you or give you a mild look of pity because you didn't know any better than to talk that way.

The average country woman tumbles out of bed at an early hour and dons her clothes as quickly as possible, with no thought in her mind save that of getting breakfast. A quick washing of her face and pinning up her back hair is about all the toilet preparations she makes at this time.

Now we are not blaming the country woman for not taking a bath in the morning before breakfast. It is necessary that the men folk have their breakfast early in order to go to their work. But at least after the morning work is over, or after dinner, or even in the evening, we contend that the busiest housewife should take the time to give some attention to herself. Perhaps the most practical plan for her would be to take her daily bath in the after part of the day or just before retiring. A tepid bath it should then be, a good, thorough scrub bath.

As we said before, the country woman does not have the facilities that the city woman has. Few country houses have bath-rooms, and the houses are heated only by grates or stoves, the fire goes out in the night, and in the winter time, by morning, the rooms are veritable Klondikes and the water is covered with a thick scum of ice. Under such circumstances we believe the most of us would excuse ourselves from the cold morning bath.

The country woman is very apt to neglect herself. She is liable to place a low estimate upon personal appearance. She prides herself on her good housekeeping, but the woman herself should be more than the housekeeping. A slattern, tired, faded, wrinkled woman is but a sorry picture, even though her house with all its endless bric-a-brac be spotlessly clean, and her cooking as intricate and fancy as that of a French chef.

But that woman who by careful management and forethought can keep her house orderly and clean, her cooking wholesome and palatable, and yet preserve for herself health and youthfulness, keeping herself dainty and wholesome and clean, though her house may be less elaborately furnished and her cooking more simple, that woman has chosen the wiser course and not only retained for herself the beauty of a healthy and superb womanhood, but is, in truth, the mistress of her home.—'Medical Talk.'

Selected Recipes.

Spring Soup.—Cut a bunch of asparagus in pieces and boil in a quart of water until tender. Heat a pint of milk and thicken with a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, rubbed together. Take out a few tips of the asparagus and rub the rest through a colander, return to the water in which it was boiled, drop in the tips, add the milk and season with salt and red pepper. Boil two minutes and serve. A beaten egg may be added just before serving; do not boil it after it is put in, but stir continually.

Nut Cake.—Cream one cup of butter, add slowly one-half cup of sugar, beating all the time. Beat the yolks of three eggs light, add to the first mixture, then add one-half cup of milk and three cups of flour sifted with four level teaspoons of baking powder, one teaspoon of vanilla and last the stiffly beaten whites of the three eggs. Bake in jelly-cake tins. For the filling add to part of the rule for boiled icing one cup of finely chopped English walnut meats and spread between the layers. Cover the top with the remainder of the icing and dot with unbroken halves of the nut meats.

Household Items.

A glass of very hot water sipped slowly will warm the body quickly, as well as the feet and hands.

If rubbed with fresh lemon or orange peel, knives and forks will be thoroughly freed from the taste of fish.

The flavor of baked potatoes is much improved by boiling them about ten minutes before placing them in the oven to be baked.

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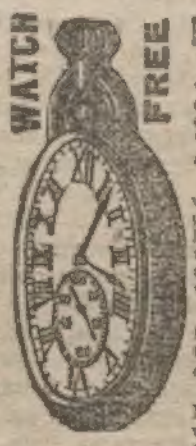

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